them. There would certainly be some, otherwise their parents would have been present at the ceremony.

The priest walked with them to the entrance of the chapel and they thanked him before they moved down the aisle. Luella watched them as they walked towards the West Door; she noticed that the priest went in the opposite direction. Meanwhile his two servers had picked up the chalice containing the Eucharist to take it back to the sanctuary. The candles were still burning on the altar.

Now Luella saw another priest, wearing a black cassock, hurrying into the chapel where the couple had just been married. He looked to right and left of him, then went to the altar steps. Watching him, Luella thought he was about to kneel and say a prayer. Instead, without even genuflecting, he walked to the side where the bride and bridegroom had signed the register. He appeared to be very interested in the book and studied it for two or three minutes.

Then the two servers came back. As they entered the chapel the priest turned quickly and walked out past them, almost pushing them out of his way as he did so. They looked at each other in surprise and stared after him. He hurried away down the aisle which led to the West Door. The servers exchanged a few words and shrugged their shoulders. Going to the altar they blew out the candles. One of them picked up the register and they moved back down the aisle from where they had just returned.

Intrigued by what was happening, Luella had for the moment forgotten her own problems. Now with a little sigh she knew she must go to the British Embassy

and tell them her tale of woe. It was an uncomfortable and unpleasant thing to have to do. But the money she had in her handbag was not enough, she knew, even to pay the bill at the hotel. She could not even be sure that there was enough to pay for a meal this evening. She could only hope that the consul or whoever she saw in the Embassy would have heard of her father. If so, she hoped he would be impressed by his fame as an author, at least sufficiently to make him kinder towards her than he might otherwise be.

Luella was sure that the Embassy was continually plagued by English people who went abroad, then ran out of money. They would be unlikely to provide her with a chaperon, which was something her mother would have insisted on. Luella wanted to believe she could look after herself. But she knew travelling alone would be very much more difficult than when she had her parents with her.

Now that she was eighteen she was extremely pretty. She would have been very stupid if she had not known that with her fair hair and blue eyes she attracted attention from the dark Italian men. Wherever she went they always made excuses to get into conversation with her. It was only because her father was a ferocious watchdog where his daughter was concerned that they were not able to make a nuisance of themselves.

"I will manage, I *have* to manage!" Luella told herself. Nevertheless, she was apprehensive.

She walked down the aisle and out by the West Door. After the gloom inside the huge building, the sunshine seemed to blind her eyes. Because the